

THE
SENATORS,
A
POEM.

A NEW EDITION.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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THE
SENIOR

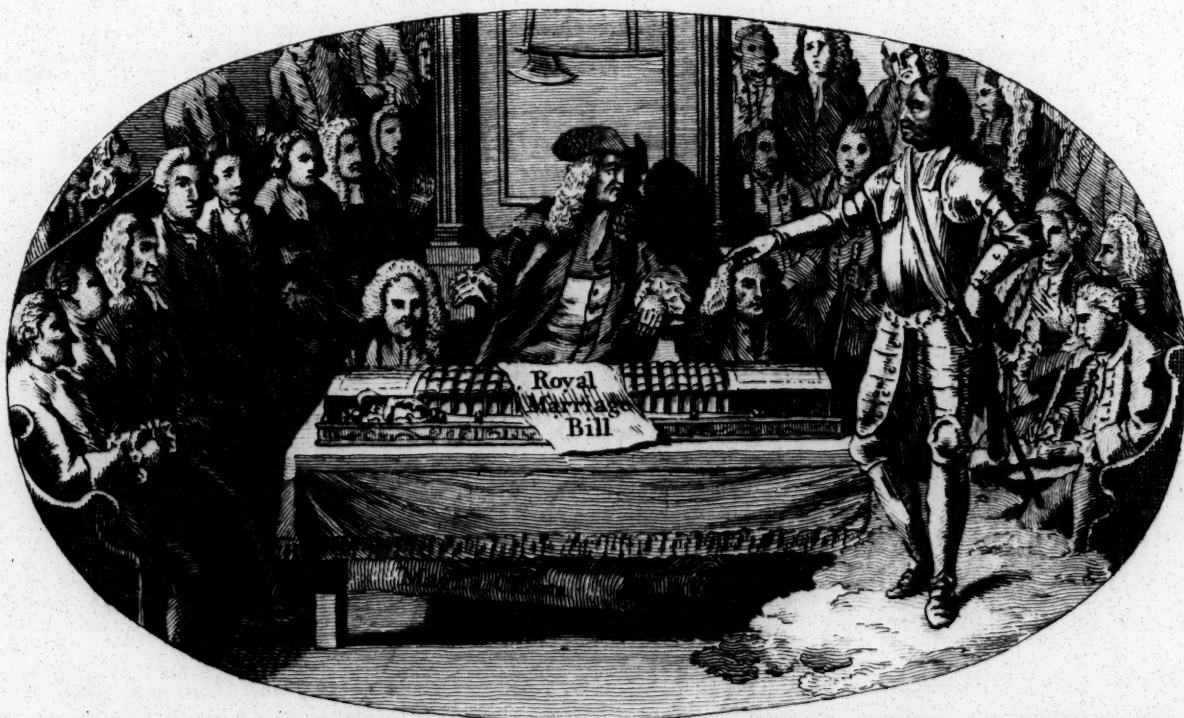
OF
M.

A NEW EDITION



[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence]

THE
SENATORS:
OR,
A CANDID EXAMINATION
INTO THE
MERITS OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS
OF
ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.
THE FOURTH EDITION,
WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.



*Thus our SENATORS cheat the deluded People with a shew
Of LIBERTY, which yet they ne'er must taste of:
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Side of Power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction. Otway*

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, IN LUDGATE STREET.
MDCC.LXXII.

THE
S E N A T O R

O R
A CANDID EXAMINATION

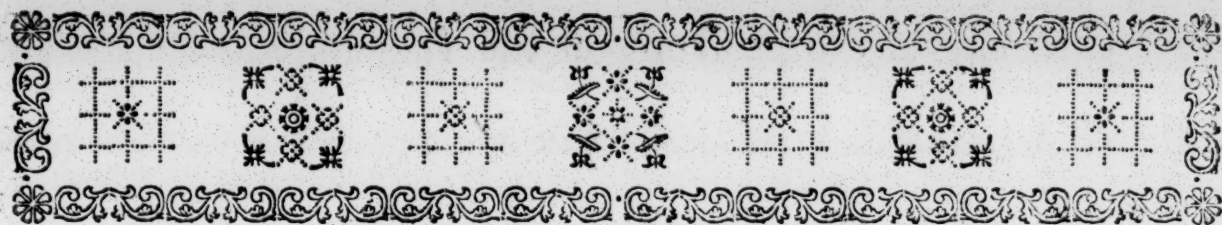
INTO THE
MERITS OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

84
ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL

THE FOURTH EDITION
WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS



10 N B 2
PRINTED FOR G. Kearsley, in Ludgate Street.
MDCCLXXII



T H E

S E N A T O R S.

LONG has the stage provok'd the critic's ire,
Engag'd his feelings, and receiv'd his fire,
As if th' artillery of Longinus school
Should be but hurl'd on those *who play the fool*.
Ungen'rous satire ! learn to spare the man,
Who nightly strives to do the best he can ;
Let the poor player heedless fume and roar,
" His hour once past alas ! he's heard no more ;"
Or if he's heard, no more he swells the dome,
But sinks the hero of his humbler home.

B

Draw

2 T H E S E N A T O R S.

Draw then thy virulence from off the stage,
And lash the rankling vices of the age ;
Collect thy wrath where nobler game invites,
And deal it round CITS, BURGESSES, and KNIGHTS ;
That venal tribe, whose actors speak for pay,
And oft declaim their country's rights away.

Calm are my thoughts, nor *yet* have rag'd in rhymes,
'Till now call'd forth by these oppressive times ;
But when those chiefs, whom such the people make
To guard their rights, when every right's at stake ;
When such shall break this confidential plan,
Which freedom form'd to rivet man to man ;
For bribes obey the ministerial rod,
And *aye* and *noe* it at an upstart's nod ;
Then honest indignation swells my breast,
And all th' insulted Briton stands confest ;
'Till rous'd with vengeance, in th' alarm of fear,
I snatch my pen, as warriors snatch the spear.

Come



Come, stern-soul'd justice, then assume command,
The rod and wreath held out in either hand,
Burst ope the fane, where this corruption lies,
And hold the mirror up ^{to} public eyes ;
Enrol their names in thy impartial leaves,
Who made this house of pray'r " a den of thieves :"
Bare every breast, however ribbon'd o'er,
Its virtues blazon, and it's faults explore.

Bred up in law's mechanic, plodding school,
Where forms for sense give credit to a fool,
Whose duller soul for only quirks is fit,
Without one spark of equity, or wit ;
See NORTON fits gorgonically great,
In all the dignity of wig and state ;
One part in elbow'd indolence resides,
(An emblem that he *never changes sides*)
Whilst his *broad* face displays a settled low'r,
The type of surly senatorial power.

Did

Did parts depend on subtleties of law,
Or where to find, or where to make a flaw,
Or when to turn to statutes, when to quote,
Roar out to order, or *roar* out a vote;
With other gifts politically fine,
Which mem'ry lends to dullness and design;
Then none with thee should litigate the prize,
For the joint epithet of good, and wise.
But when such arts disgrace the senate chair,
And loudly damn the vote which plac'd thee there:
Patriots in anger turn their heads awry,
And think of ONSLOW's merits with a sigh.

Fir'd by that name, with eager haste I run,
To see the father honour'd in the son;
To see those virtues, by descent, re-bloom,
In filial piety around his tomb;
But oh! the sad reverse! no shoot's the same,
Nor ought of PATRIOT ONSLOW, but the name;
Set in corruption's mould they wither'd lie,
Or in a rank luxuriance face the sky.

Degenerate

Degenerate son ! could not the glorious race
Thy fire perform'd, accelerate thy pace ?
Could not the obvious track he left behind,
Direct thy steps, invigorate thy mind ;
Teach thee the line to strike 'twixt freedom's fire,
And all that false ambition would desire ?
When shouting senates hail'd him as their care,
And paid the farewell duties to his chair ;
When ev'n his monarch join'd the friendly plan,
And pour'd his bounties on the good old man ;
Did not this day, I ask your recreant heart,
More op'ning glories to thy soul impart,
(Tho unentitl'd to this general praise,
And but reflected by thy father's blaze)
Than pension'd, titled slaves could ever meet,
With all the Treasury hoards beneath their feet ?

If solid judgment, amplitude of mind,
A patient temper, with a taste refin'd ;
A promptitude to act on ev'ry call,
Which honour sounds at to prevent her fall ;

If such a patriotic name can raise,
And claim a just certificate for praise,
These, steady DOWDESWELL ! all belong to you ;
These are thy triumphs ; these thy honest due.
When some vile upstart, destitute of shame,
(ELLIS, for instance, of corrupted name)
Whom frolic fortune, in a wanton hour,
Fashion'd a statesman to exert her pow'r ;
When such shall rise, with hopes of plunder warm'd,
His heart with guile, his tongue with falsehoods arm'd ;
Only intent to aid the *premier's* pride,
And, at a nod, to stab his country's side ;
Does not each bosom liberally glow,
When honest DOWDESWELL wards th' uplifted blow ;
Braves every danger to defend her cause,
And stands the firm protector of her laws ?

Their skill in silver strains let speakers waste,
Who aim at pensions, or who aim at taste ;
Whose tones vibrating slumber on the ear,
As free from pathos, as from judgment clear ;

Such

Such as of late the swan-like SUFFOLK sung,
 Ere flimsy honours stopt his flimsier tongue ;
 Above all such—'tis DOWDESWELL's to impart
 The strongest feelings of an honest heart ;
 Unite with sense the manliness of speech,
 And be himself what he would others teach ;
 For which accept the muses warmest lays ;
 For which accept thy grateful country's praise.

Perch'd on that bench * where sages have declaim'd,
 And now a culprit, now a state arraign'd ;
 Perhaps that spot, where CHATHAM oft has rung
 The pleasing changes of his tuneful tongue ;
 What doubtful form is that, which holds its seat,
 With so much ministerial power elate ?
 But hark, *it* speaks ! the husky tones record,
 DYSON *its* name, *its* rank—a Treasury lord.
 Gods ! shall this *thing*, to nature a disgrace,
 Thus arrogantly seize a statesman's place ?
 Despis'd at home, *spurn'd from a sister shore*,
 Whose growing years confirm his crimes the more ?

* Treasury bench.

Oh! shame on every hand that lent an aid,
 To lift a reptile up to such parade!
 For him no speech, however nobly fraught,
 With force of genius, dignity of thought,
 Tho' BURKE should charm us with his usual blaze,
 And strike all hearers but himself with praise,
 Could e'er by chance his frigid breast inspire,
 Or give one glow of patriotic fire;
 Firm in the odious part to him assign'd,
 He spurns the common feelings of mankind.

Yet tho' thus void of every just pretence
 To honour, justice, dignity, or sense;
 Tho' ne'er one smile unstrung that stubborn face,
 Except the casual coinage of grimace;
 Tho' ne'er one look disclos'd a joy within,
 Except in planning, or performing sin;
 Yet when such haggard features can impart,
 The secret workings of a venal heart;
 When each disgusting part of such a whole,
 Points to the stygian darkness of his soul;

We

We thank thee, Nature, with a loud acclaim,
Which hangs out such a sign-post to his fame.

Like mad Orestes, in resentful strains,
When he of false Hermione complains,
See well-drest, ranting JENKINSON advance,
In all the antient spirit of romance !
One leg's brought forward with theatric stride,
(Your orators should always legs divide)
T'other's kept back, and humbly seems to wait,
A patient lacquey on its brother's state ;
Whilst, in his hand, a handkerchief he wears,
Alike the type of dignity and tears ;
Accoutred thus, with all the modes of art,
Who'd not suppose his speech must reach the heart ?
Alas ! in empty storms of rhet'ric tost,
Like school-boys bubbles, in the air they're lost,
Appearances employ his only care,
So words sound fine, no matter what they are.

In different strains does BARRE's language flow,
A rough-hewn soldier all from top to toe ;

Like honest KENT, inur'd to homely ways,
He scorns the pliant courtier's mincing phrase,
And with a daring rectitude of thought,
Hangs, *in terrorem*, every statesman's fault ;
No bribes cajole him, nor no fears repel,
For what he dares to think, he dares to tell.
Is Britain's flag insulted on the main ?
Are laws infring'd ? should magistrates complain ?
Do long arrears disgrace a nation's trust ?
Or those turn knaves, who're paid for being just ?
Then dauntless BARRE takes his usual stand,
And flings his arrows with avenging hand,
On ev'ry side, above, behind, below,
Nor spares the monarch in his country's foe.
But tho' such praises on thy name attend,
Still, BARRE, hear the dictates of a friend ;
Who here would counsel with the op'nest view,
And what he freely thinks, directs to you.
“ Let not that tongue so wantonly declaim,
Nor stain a patriot with a brawler's name :
Illiberal phrases on themselves recoil,
And mar the statesman's zeal, the speaker's toil ;

Contract,

Contract the muse's power to chaunt her lays,
And rob thy vigilance of half its praise."

TOWNSEND and SAWBRIDGE late alike stood fair
In public confidence, as public care.
How fall'n! from such a patriotic reign,
The livery's recent groans can best explain.
Subtle the first, ambition's favourite son,
By turns of ev'ry party, now of none;
Eager to climb, where interest leads the way,
Tho' dead to sentiment, alive to pay.
The next with easier, gentler manners grac'd,
Possess'd of candor, rectitude, and taste;
Above all art to flatter, or deceive,
Hangs out his honest heart upon his sleeve.
Thus blest, was ever man so much misled,
By such a colleague, artful, and ill-bred?
Who talks of virtue, like a common whore,
Merely to hide his want of it the more;
Who turn'd a patriot in misfortune's pet,
To screen a *contract*, or to screen a *debt*;

Whose

Whose claim to friendship's but a master stroke,
Just as the ivy twines the sturdy oak,
To ward the blow that swells in yonder gulf,
Which else would hurl it prostrate on the dust.
Turn then, my SAWBRIDGE ! yes, I'll call thee mine,
For virtue's friends are favourites of the nine ;
Turn from this loose despoiler of your fame,
And arm'd with virtue *singly* trust your name ;
Then shall consenting crowds again rejoice,
Again restore you to the public voice.

When BECKFORD's soul (unable to postpone
Insults on Liberty, tho' from the *throne*)
Had fled to seek that peaceful, happy shore,
Where worldly cares encompass us no more ;
By specious arts then OLIVER stept forth,
An upstart Mushroom of *Barbadoes* growth,
Unread, yet pert, for manners caught grimace,
His mind all *bronz'd* as deeply as his *face* ;
He cringed, rehears'd his creed, at bondage rail'd,
The people shouted, and *Baboon* prevail'd.

Thus

Thus form'd on imitating Freedom's plan,
Just in the stile that *monkies* mimic man,
The copied scene a while he acted o'er,
And gain'd the name of Patriot from his *roar*.
But soon this scaffolding was thrown aside,
And then broke forth hypocrisy and pride ;
In Brentford's priest *black-spotted* Mammon came,
Which, trader-like, he grasp'd in lieu of fame ;
Nay more, to serve a ministerial end,
He turn'd an ingrate, and traduc'd his *friend*.
O could illustrious BARNARD, good, and great,
Who from *himself* reflected all his state ;
Who *place* and *pension* both alike withstood,
Through a long life pre-eminently good ;
Could he a while his usual form assume,
And quit the peaceful mansions of the tomb ;
How would his quick'ning pulse with anger beat,
To see this ORAN OUTANG hold his seat ?

Should any member, anxious in debate,
On grounds mistaken ignorantly prate ;
Or urge for facts the coinage of his brain,
Or bribe his audience with a silken strain ;

'Tis thine, O CORNWALL, to repel such art,
 And bare the venal, or misjudging heart :
 Point out what merits praise, what merits blame,
 Damn with disgrace, or consecrate to fame.
 Hush'd at thy voice see *Cocking George* sits still,
 And flound'ring THURLOE stops his murm'ring rill ;
 In foreign climes, nor STANLEY dares to tread,
 Nor HINCHINBROOKE erect his filly head :
 Even those babblers, who surround the chair,
 Whose "Hear him ! Hear him !" putrify the air,
 A while procrastinate their *numb'ring* power,
 And give to freedom's cause another hour.

By turns solicited by different plans,
 Yet fix'd to none, Fox dresses, games, harangues :
 Where varying fashion leads the sportive band,
 And whim and folly bound it hand in hand,
 Behold him ambling through these flow'ry ways,
 A model macaroni, *A L'Angloise*,
 Where gamesters meet to celebrate their nights,
 (Those hopeful seminaries *Frere's* and *White's*)

The

The Proteus here with equal rage you spy,
Disporting thousands on th' uncertain dye;
As if by arts like these he got his bread,
And liv'd dependant on a sharper's head :
Who could suppose, thus press'd in pleasure's train,
That e'er he wish'd to reach a statesman's fame ;
That e'er he spoke with such an attic fire,
As forc'd ev'n patriots loudly to admire,
And, with a sigh, recal the wand'ring youth
To paths of honour, dignity, and truth ?

Rouse then for shame, nor thus mispending time,
In idle follies sacrifice thy prime ;
With cards and dice no longer vigils keep,
Nor waste thy morning's bloom in mid-day sleep.
Let senseless foplings, every way disgrac'd,
Guiltless of sense, as uninform'd by taste,
Their flimsy parts more flimsily employ,
And falsely call their dissipation joy ;
'Tis yours to rouse capacity and skill,
And turn those meaner passions at your will ;

To act yourself, be conscious of your trust,
And blend the epithet of great with just.

His notes all conn'd, the daily business plann'd,
His vassals ready *bench'd* on either hand ;
The nod receiv'd from yon official chair,
Which BULLFACE sometimes gives to save the ear ;
With pride of eminence uprises NORTH,
And like his bluff'ring namefake sputter's forth.
But least such polish'd periods be forgot,
As oft is many a senator's hard lot ;
In jingling records, mem'ry, let them live,
And his own words in his own phrases give.
“ Hem ! Mr. speaker, Sir, I rise thus late,
“ To say a word or two in this debate ;
“ I say, again, Sir, that I humbly rise,
“ To give my vote for raising these supplies,
“ The times demand it—not that I suppose,
“ The humbled *Spaniards* mean to come to blows ;
“ For here 'tis under *Mazerino's* seal,
“ The vast pacific sentiments they feel ;

Befide

" Beside, from *practice* I'm inform'd at large,
 " The man *once beat*, returns not to the charge.
 " What means this grumbling then on ev'ry side,
 " Those obvious marks of disappointed pride?
 " Do they for opposition all declare,
 " And cross our ablest plans because they dare?
 " I see 'tis so—but surely men of sense,
 " To guard their pounds, will freely part with pence."
 So spake the chief, then fell into his seat,
 In all the pomp of ministerial weight,
 Whilst the long line of placemen learn'd their cue,
 In every evolution, what to do.

From the recesses of her gloomy reign,
 Where damps and darkness nubilata the scene;
 Where fogs thick gath'ring fan her ebon throne,
 And folly's sons proclaim her as their own;
 Long since has DULLNESS charitably shed
 Her drowsiest poppies on her THURLOE's head;
 Long since bestow'd that density of skull,
 Broad as unthinking, logically dull,

F

Whose

Whose roof impervious can alike resist,
Wit's keenest light'ning, or the bruiser's fist.
Hence when he speaks, his voice, just like his form,
Contemns to please, but boldly aims to storm;
Discards each tone of tenderness for force,
Rough though continued, sonorous though coarse.
So some cascade, impetuous in its fall,
Breaks on the ear with unaccustom'd brawl;
At first the noise alarms the basking hind,
And starts and pauses occupy his mind;
'Till by degrees the sounds, unvaried, deep,
Wrap ev'ry sense in languor, and in sleep.

Nature's defects still could the muse forgive,
As THURLOES well as LYTTLETONS must live,
Did honour regulate his only aim,
Or did he strive to grasp at honest fame;
But when such *pond'rous* parts would fain aspire
To court preferments, and an Attic fire,
To laugh, or lash, is sure her legal due,
And hang such state Leviathans to view.

See

See how unlike his brother of the quill,
The magic DUNNING leads us at his will !
Hear with what matchless eloquence and art,
He gains the last recesses of the heart,
Winds every passion with superior force,
Directs their aim, and regulates their course !
Thou great, tho' little, dapper, mighty man,
Who, on such points, can variously harangue !
Who, with such pow'rs, can equally prevail,
As for thy client, for thy country's weal ;
Say, what can urge thee to despoil this name,
By once reflecting * on a nation's fame ?
The faults of *some* no more the *many* rule,
Than *pug-dug features* indicate a fool ;
Falshood and fraud in every climate shoot,
Rome had its CÆSARS, *Britain* has its BUTE.
Fly those pursuits then which your merits mar,
Beneath the fenate, as beneath the bar ;

A meanness this gentleman is so much possessed of, that he seldom neglects a single opportunity of reflecting on the *Scotch, Irish, and Yorkshire.*

True

True sterling wit disclaims such paltry aid,
It glooms her vict'ries, narrows her parade.

Another lawyer, differing from these two,
With crutch and flannel grac'd, salutes our view ;
A sober vet'ran of the jarring school,
Who acts from quirk, and militates by rule ;
Who daily prostitutes his art for pence,
Without or THURLOE's lead, or DUNNING's sense ;
Whose learn'd quotations, or whose strokes of glee,
Are all contain'd in these two words—*his fee*.

Now in the *ball* he quickly finds a flaw,
Which in the senate he supports as law ;
A while for WILKES and LIBERTY he writes ;
Then turns a truant to the bill of rights :
Now thro' the colonies he rings alarms,
And, RICHARD like, calls out, " To arms ! To arms !"
Then meanly quibbles to deny that name,
By which he rose to popular acclaim.

Such

Such is the picture, take it all in all,
Nor think the tints are overcharg'd with gall ;
Should any doubt the features not a-kin,
Behold th' original in Serjeant GLYNN.

Another yet, like Banquo's rising race,
Closes the group, and sternly takes his place.
But how shall words, imperfect words, describe
This scandal to the lowest of his tribe ?
This man of art, and cunning without end,
Whom *Priddle's* self would blush to call as friend ?
Nor shall the muse (for such reflects her fame)
Once stop to publish this apostate's name ;
Sawney, thou pestilence of modern times,
Come forth, and stand recorded in these rhymes ;
Come forth, with all thy primness and grimace,
Thy lilly band, and thy impoverish'd face ;
Posterity demands you should be seen,
'Tis fit they know what WEDDERBURNES have been.

G

Yet

Yet once it was when, *Belial*-like, he fung,
When manna seem'd to drop beneath his tongue ;
When Io Pæans rang the vaulted roof,
And pale corruption trembling stood aloof ;
But ev'n this rage of eloquence was art,
For all was false, and hollow at his heart ;
The various bribes, by which courts oft engage
The wants of youth, or avarice of age,
Found out an instant passage to his mind,
Nor left one trace of honesty behind ;
For these *fair fame*, and *plighted faith* he gave,
And chang'd th' applauded patriot for the slave.
Say, with what matchless bronze art thou possessest,
That grief nor shame ne'er visited thy breast,
That recollection never kindly stole
A moment's pause to harrow up thy soul ?
Else sure mere instinct would have shap'd the way,
To fly the public wrath, and face of day ;
Shew'd thee, like *feeling Yorke*, some pitying grave,
The last sad refuge of the base and brave.

As

As Painters, who judiciously supply
Their groups with contrasts, to relieve the eye ;
So poets, sometimes, should pursue this plan,
Oppose the virtuous to the vicious man ;
They, to each other, give reflected aid,
The bright grows brighter, more obscure the shade.
Come, gentle SAVILE, then thou favourite name,
And whilst whole crowds pour out their loud acclaim,
Permit the muse to raise her feeble voice,
Who joins, sincerely, in the gen'ral choice ;
Yet hard the task for ev'n her boldest lays,
To praise, yet still sufficiently to praise ;
To hit those happy tints which best declare,
A name so just, so honour'd, and so fair.
If she should draw thee, fir'd with honest zeal,
Defending ev'ry liberty you feel,
Or, with like care, maintaining ev'ry good,
Our hardier fathers sanction'd with their blood,
Thy *private* worth, as jealous of her cause ;
Asserts an equal tribute of applause,

Hails

Samuel Saville - founder of the Saville family of Northampton

Hails thee by ev'ry name which heav'n can lend,
The widow's husband, and the good man's friend.

Loud ring this truth, and let it be imprest
On each half-reas'ning politician's breast,
Howe'er misjudging, or mock patriots brawl,
That *public character* is all in all,
'Tis false as dicers oaths, or air, or hell,
Who errs in *private*, never can act well;
Nor honour, faith, nor truth to such belong;
Who can be right whose life is in the wrong?
Can vice originate from virtue's root?
Can the same trees produce a different fruit?
Can rank rebellion love its lawful king?
Or streams run clear from their polluted spring?
Produce such vouchers first, and then proclaim,
The *patriot* and the *man* are not the same.

The name of MAWBEY should I leave unsung?
But MAWBEY, as he has, will use—a *tongue*.

Strange

Strange that those rules which *golden numbers* give,
 To teach the plodding tradesman how to live,
 Should not content him, but he must aspire,
 To probe the heart, and catch a statesman's fire ;
 Ape action, attitude, and Attic lore,
 And strive to be what *Tully* was before ;
 But 'tis the age when politics abound,
 Hence who is not your orator profound ?
 MASKALL obeys the self-inspiring call,
 And, quitting Galen, clyster-pipes, and all,
 Hurries to give his lectures at Guildhall.
 In the same *booth*, with well-curl'd wig *awry*
 BELLAS declaims on loss of liberty ;
 Whilst LOVELL, with clench'd fist and leg recoil'd,
 Shews what a matchless bruiser has been spoil'd.
 Cease then to climb this steep, where few ascend,
 Where various talents must so much befriend ;
 Where the pale lamp, oft trimm'd by midnight toil,
 Must meet with genius to reward the toil :

H

Pursue

Pursue, as you've begun, the patriot's part,
And *aye* and *noe* it with a candid heart ;
On these two words your future trophies raise,
An honest man deserves our gen'ral praise.

In nature's volume read, CLARE has a mind,
Fitted to serve his country and mankind ;
But, train'd in courts, where flatt'ry plies her trade,
And all the actors strut in masquerade ;
Where nods are giv'n to smile the suppliant mute,
From the badg'd yeoman up to garter'd BUTE ;
This he soon barter'd for a statesman's grace,
An *Irish* title, and an *Irish* place.
Hence, like a sponge, he soaks his leader's smile,
And learns his art to bully or beguile ;
Rails where he rails, but where he would commend,
Assumes the sacred habit of a friend.

Sprung from a barren corner of this isle,
Where partial Fortune seldom deigns to smile,

Or,

Or, when she does, she smiles in such a sort,
 As if she mock'd her giddy spirit for't.
 Oft has the fire of GILLY * tended flocks,
 And watch'd, and slept it on the barren rocks ;
 Oft by the murm'ring streamlet has he mus'd,
 Alike for music, or for bev'rage us'd,
 'Till Chance, to shew the vanity of pride,
 Play'd her first prank in making him a guide. †
 From this glad hour, from whence, or how he sprung,
 Never escap'd his wily offspring's tongue,
 Who, from this hour, left nothing unessay'd,
 Which up to int'rest, or ambition play'd,
 'Till by that science, worldlings all call wise,
 (But which the lib'ral bosom must despise)
 The peasant's cub has scrap'd a *Chartres*' hoard,
 And flaunts SIR GILBERT at the council board.
 Such is the finish'd statesman, which stands forth,
 As mighty second to the mightier NORTH.

* Sir G. Elliot. — *The Lock of the Rock*

† The first rise of Sir Gilbert Elliot's father (who was a Scotch shepherd) was by being a guide to the Royal Army in the Rebellion of 1715.

The little arts, by which he crept to place,
Disguise, intrigue, fervility, grimace,
Are still employ'd to guard a public weal,
And dictate to BRITANNIA how to feel;
Hence are her fleets degraded, treaties broke,
And all her spirit turn'd to *Spanish* joke.

O CECIL, SOMMERS, CRAIGGS, blest spirits, hear!
If yet thy country should employ thy care;
If e'er to earth thy patriot forms descend,
To her thy courage, usual judgment lend;
And when such upstarts, in an evil hour,
By pride misled, would madly aim at pow'r,
Blast all such phantoms from behind the crown,
And to their primal nothing melt them down.

Could a long ancestry, with titles grac'd,
Crown'd with desert, and prodigal in taste,
Honour'd as statesmen, by the crowd admir'd,
With love of fame, and martial deeds inspir'd;

Could

Could these transmit their virtues with their name,
Who then so lov'd, so honour'd as GERMAINE?
But what will *real* dignity infuse?
Alas! not DORSET's valour, DORSET's muse?
Yet, when, of late, vile placemen led the way,
And scatter'd poisons in the face of day;
When flav'ry all her venal trophies bore,
By numb'ring *two* to *one*, or *five* to *four*;
To see thee, then, engage in freedom's cause,
Assert her empire, and enforce her laws,
To hear thee, then, with Ciceronian rage,
Hold up the noxious mirror to the age,
My soul has caught the sympathizing strain,
And blotted from her mem'ry *Minden's* plain.

As one well vers'd in the *Broughtonian* trade,
Whom coarser nature for a bully made,
Clumsy, robust, irregular, and strong,
Who can't be said to walk, but *stump* along,

I

Apart

Apart, in furly pride, see RIGBY stand,
The remnant leader of the Bloomsbury band.
On strength of family will some depend,
To form an int'rest, or to gain a friend,
Others, by money, expedite their way,
And open all things with a golden key ;
Whilst some, long wand'ring thro' the gloom of night,
By merit, find a passage to the light ;
But, scorning each such regular attack,
RIGBY depended solely on his *back*,
With this, and *impudence*, the bruiser's dow'r,
He *fought* his way to fortune, and to pow'r.
What tho' no booth he kept, nor follow'd trade,
Just like his strolling brothers of the blade,
Where Merry Andrew plies his ev'ry grin,
To take th'unwary, greasy rabble in ;
Yet greater fees remunerate his toils,
And now a *place*, and now a *nation's spoils*,
To crown the whole, and bless his brawny arms,
A *Dutchess* waits in all her jointur'd charms.

Eager

Eager to climb the rugged steeps of fame,
The modest PHIPPS puts in his double claim,
Soldier, and patriot — names, that both commend,
And point him out his country's dearest friend ;
But as a stripling in the public cause,
His mind just fir'd with popular applause,
As yet untry'd, by those all-pow'rful things,
Title, place, pension, honorary strings,
The muse corrects the ardour of her lays,
Lest time should censure, what she now might praise.

Courtiers, thro' ev'ry age, are much the same,
And mount the usual steps to courtiers fame ;
To cringe, and pilfer, form their general creed,
And laugh at merit, where it can't succeed ;
But BARRINGTON a grand improver shines,
And on this puerile, half-form'd plan refines ;
His searching eye takes in a larger view,
And boldly does whate'er he's bid to do,

Whether

Whether to rob, with an unsparing hand,
Or scatter *murders* through a groaning land.
Sure recollection still weeps o'er the day,
In bloody calends mark'd, the *tenth of May*. *
When harmless crowds, by warmth of freedom lur'd,
Hung round those walls where WILKES had been immur'd,
Their only crime, to ease a sufferer's care,
And arm his heart 'gainst sorrow and despair,
How thy unfeeling, mercenary crew,
Swept off whole files, beneath the prisoner's view,
Nor rank, nor sex escap'd their glutless rage,
Nor thoughtless youth, nor inoffensive age,
Resolv'd, like Renault, blood enough to spill,
Their general orders, *not to take, but kill*.
Amongst the rest, O mem'ry! spare the tale,
Lest stones should weep, and elements should rail!
A *youth*, as yet, in manhood's course untry'd,
His mother's comfort, and his father's pride,

* The tragedy of St. George's Fields, performed on this day, in the year 1768,
at the particular command of Lord Barrington.

Blest with those humbler virtues which endear,
A social heart, and sympathizing tear,
Fell undistinguish'd, at thy stern command,
His head unpillow'd by a parent's hand.
And canst thou then, without remorse, or dread,
With this, and ten-fold mischiefs on thy head,
From lust to pow'r, from pow'r to lust still rove,
A debauchee in politics, as love?
Hence, miscreant, to some lonely cell repair,
And there apply to penitence, and pray'r,
From courts, and camps, to shame, and sorrow fly,
And, as you creep to death, learn how to die.

But hark, what magic dissipates those cares,
And laps my soul in more than Lydian airs,
Tunes ev'ry joy, bids pleasure recommence,
And blends the pow'rs of harmony, with sense!
'Tis BURKE harangues the graces in his train,
And, when he speaks, 'tis slavery to complain.

See England's GENIUS, queen of arts and arms,
(By various insults, robb'd of half her charms)
Lur'd by his voice, her usual port assumes,
And, in her native smiles, once more re-blooms!
See too corruption, fetter'd by her side,
A while restrains her violence, and pride,
Flash'd with conviction, wonder, and amaze,
She dares not censure, tho' she will not praise!

Hail! matchless blessing, ELOCUTION, hail!
How do thy pow'rs in ev'ry clime prevail?
How do thy pow'rs in ev'ry age command,
Inspire with truth, or stop the ruffian's hand?
By thee the Grecian sage 'gainst Philip fought,
And slew whole armies by the force of thought;
By thee 'twas Tully gain'd such vast renown,
His wreath superior to the tyrant's crown.
'Tho' Gothic darkness wrapp'd the world in night,
And gloom'd, awhile, thy unexpiring light,

Thy

Thy flame, thus smother'd, but illum'd the more,
 And gain'd fresh vot'ries on Britannia's shore;
 From age to age, thy cheering sounds inspir'd,
 Now sooth'd with CECIL, now with RUSSEL fir'd;
 Nay, ev'n in those dishonour'd times of shame,
 When most are diffident to follow fame,
 When place, and bribe, on ev'ry ear is rung,
 And damning gold's prepar'd to chain the tongue,
 Thy lustre shines with undiminish'd rays,
 Alike the guest of *Gregories* and *Hayes*. *

From bullion squeez'd † as nature meant to lay,
 "Behold thy parent—*honour and obey*."
 CLIVE, first the seeds of avarice possess,
 And clasp'd the precept kindly to his breast;
 This, like a talisman, he daily wore,
 Whether on Britain, or on Asia's shore;

* The country seats of Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke.

† Lord Clive's father being originally a silver enchafer.

'Twas all his *fortune*, through life's bustling road,
 'Twas all his *creed*, for *mammon* was his god.
 RAPINE, and MURDER soon, with transport saw,
 From such a chief, how wide must be their law,
 Then hail'd him theirs—behold him, hence, arise;
 In wealth, and title to Colossian size.
 Gain battles—jaghires, wade through human gore,
 And do what General *never did before*.

*Was trade to be perverted from her course,
 Or by monopolies, or brutal force?
 Was freedom to be crush'd, and every son
 Who dar'd maintain her cause to be undone?
 Was war to ravage with a merc'less stride,
 Merely to glut an individual's pride?
 Were oaths, but for convenience to be ta'en,
 Tho' harmless Nabobs by their breach were slain? **

* For an account of these *facts* at large. Vide Bolt's "Considerations on India Affairs.

Were

*Were others to the rack consign'd to groan,
Bereft of fortune, family, and throne?
For these, and more was SQUAB-FAC'D CLIVE ordain'd,
For these, he's ribbon'd, and for these he's fam'd.*

And shall, ye pow'rs ! your thunders daily roll,
With rumbling horrors round from pole to pole ;
Now blast some hermit—now some dome deface,
Yet spare this *Nimrod* of the *human race*,
Not only spare—but set him down in health,
Entrench'd in spoils of luxury and wealth ?
Be calm my thoughts—tho' pleasures now await,
To raise his pride to every height of state,
Tho' *venal scriblers* join with loud accord,
To hail him *statesman, general, and my lord*,
A time rides on—perhaps not far away,
When every deed shall glare the face of day ;
When ev'ry thought just issuing from the heart,
Shall in their order—naked stand apart ;

L

Nor

Nor *lawyers tongues* shall at this bar avail,
Nor *penn'd harangues* shall varnish o'er the tale ;
Nor *shuffling quirks* the partial judges guide,
Nor those *delays* corruption makes for pride ;
Yes CLIVE, 'tis *here*, you shall discharge your trust,
Committees may acquit—but GOD IS JUST.

O ! turn, my soul, from such a hell-like scene,
Where *vice* grows *virtue* shewn to this extreme ;
Reverse the view, and lead me to survey,
Where polish'd manners cultivate the way ;
Forward my steps to reach that peaceful cell,
Where DIFFIDENCE and CONWAY ever dwell.
Here tho' thy private virtues all attend,
Behold one fault, as pictur'd by a friend,
Cold *moderation* freezes o'er thy fame,
And, like a mildew, blasts thy public name,
Destroys all fortitude—great manhood's test,
And stamps a coward virtue at the best.

Give

Sad Clive destroyed himself at Chatterbox - see Malcolm's Life

Give o'er this *trimming*, then, on every side,
Weigh well the cause, but weigh'd—at once decide!
This nature dictates—this her simple plan,
And he who dares not this—degrades the man.

Say, should a midnight ruffian storm your dome,
And break the peaceful slumbers of your home,
Regardless of the laws, as of his life,
No less prepar'd to rob, than bare the knife?
Should *moderation* then impede thy way,
By formal preaching up “Thou shalt not slay?”
Oh! where's the stoic publicly confess,
But what would plunge a dagger in his breast?
And shall your COUNTRY, dearer far than life,
Nay, than those dearer pledges, child, and wife,
Shall SHE by villain—coward statesmen fall,
And you not rise at such a mighty call?
For shame resolve a firm determin'd part,
And wear the *soldier* more about your heart.

Come

Come TOWNSEND, MEREDITH, now crown my lays,
Tho' late, not less deserving of their praise ;
Come CA'ENDISH too, whose patriotic name,
Has long, long glitter'd on the rolls of fame ;
Come ye who *barely vote* on FREEDOM's plan,
Since, by this Act, ye dignify the man ;
Hung round with well-earn'd honours, come and prove
Your country's warmest thanks—her warmest love.

And now the muse (with courage not her own,
But that which heav'n protects with FREEDOM's throne)
Has dar'd a clew-less passage to explore,
And tread those mazes, *never* trod before.
And Oh ! with grief, and shame, she's forc'd to speak,
(The flush of anger redd'ning on her cheek,)
How in this gen'ral view, the people's choice,
Where all should speak with honour's clearest voice,
The *greater* part indulge where passions crave,
And quit the *patriot*, for the *pension'd* slave.

Hear

Hear then, ye *few*, in whom we still may find
An active, spotless principle of mind,
Whose well-try'd souls have ev'ry danger brav'd,
Whom artificial wants have not enslav'd,
Stand firm, in conscious rectitude array'd,
And give your bleeding country all your aid.
Weigh well this truth your sages have express'd,
And let it cling round ev'ry patriot's breast,
THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISHMEN CAN NE'ER DECAY,
UNLESS THEIR GUARDIANS FLING THOSE RIGHTS AWAY.
Tho' the *King's friends*, act as their *country's foes*,
And all our dear-bought liberties oppose,
Tho' Treasury Lords a nation's wealth exhaust,
And purchase slavery at the public cost,
Tho' *premiers* pimp for *ribbons*, or for gain,
And MARRIAGE ACTS disgrace a Brunswick's reign,
Tho' those, whom lately ye have call'd your own,
False to their sacred trust, are *traitors* grown,
Tho' half the business of destruction's done,
And FREEDOM'S closing, like a setting sun;

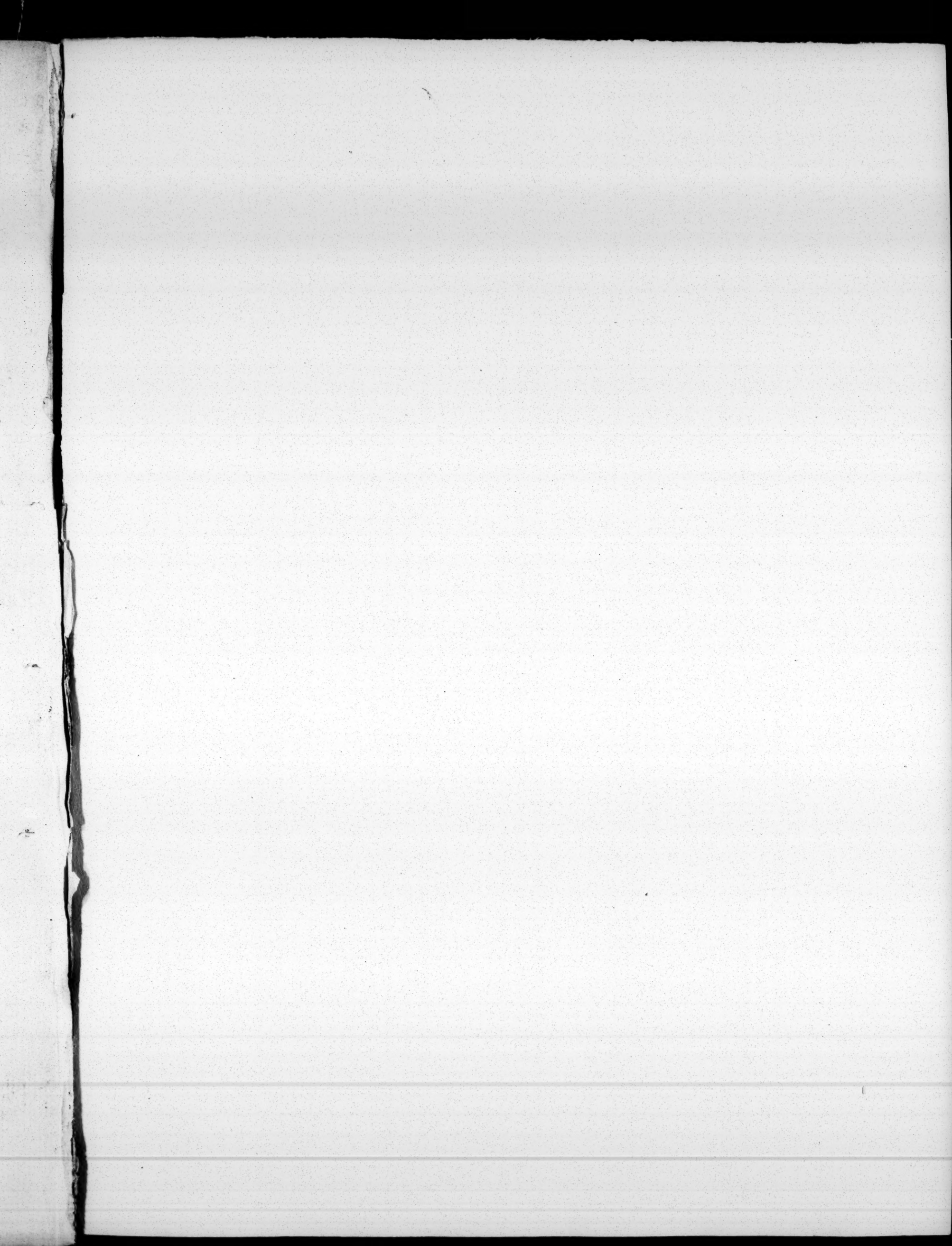
M.

Do

Do ye, a small, but virtuous phalanx stand,
 And guard, at risk of life, your native land;
 This charge to ev'ry SENATOR is given,
 Do this, and leave the residue to heaven.

F I N I S.





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THE

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AUTHOR;

A

COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

As perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By MR. FOOTE.

GLASGOW:

Printed in the Year MDCCLVIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor Cape,

Young Cape,

Sprightly,

Cadwallader,

Poet,

Vamp,

Printer's Devil,

Robin,

Mrs. Cadwallader,

Miss Arabella,

Mr. BRANSBY.

Mr. ROSS.

Mr. USHER.

Mr. FOOTE.

Mr. WALKER.

Mr. YATES.

Mr. VAUGHAN.

Mr. SIMSON.

Mrs. CLIVE.

Miss BARTON.



PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once, the gall'ry, box, and pit;
Requires at least——no common share of wit.

}

Those, who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modish wife;
Whilst they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth, as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries,—“ 'twill please the gall'ries well enough.”
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile?

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The *Grecian* Fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of this day.

Once on a time, a son and sire we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd break:
Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass;

P R O L O G U E.

Forth from the throng, the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.

" This the respect to reverend age you shew ?

" And this the duty you to parents owe ?

" He beats the hoof, and you are set astride ;

" Sirrah ? get down, and let your father ride."

As *Grecian* lads were seldom void of grace,

The decent, duteous youth, resign'd his place.

Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran ;

Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

" Sure never was brute beast so void of nature !

" Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?

" To your own baby can you be unkind ?

" Here—*Suke, Bill, Betty*—put the child behind."

Old *Dapple* next, the clowns compassion claim'd ;

" 'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't asham'd.

" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast !

" They might as well have carry'd he at least."

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,

Dismount and bear the ass—then what a noise!——

Huzzas—loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,

From the yet silent Sire, these words provoke.

" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,

" Vain his attempt, who strives to please them all!"

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN by a LADY,

And SPOKEN by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my stars, that I have done my task,
And now throw off this awkward, idiot mask.
Cou'd we suppose this circle so refin'd,
Who seek those pleasures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel delight;
Or laugh at characters, so unpolite?
Who come to plays, to see, and to be seen;
Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen;
Who shun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin.
“ Lord! do you know?” says lady *Bell*—“ I'm told
“ That *Jacky Dapple* got so great a cold.
“ Last *Tuesday* night—There wa'n't a creature there;
“ Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.
“ Divine *Mingotti*! what a swell has she!
“ O! Such a sustituto upon B!
“ Ma'am, when she's quite in voice she'll go to C.
“ Lord!” says my lady *English*—“ here's a pothor!
“ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”
Her ladyship, half choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to see the sights—and stare.
“ Fine singing that!—I'm sure it's more like screaming;
“ To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!
“ Oh *Barbare*!—*Inhumana*!—*Tramontane*!——
“ Does not this creature come from *Pudding-Lane*?
“ Look, look, my lord!—She goggles!—Ha, ha, pray be quiet;
“ Dear lady *Bell*, for shame! You'll make a riot.
“ Why will they mix with us to make this rout?
“ Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out.

E P I L O G U E.

" We'll have a taste act, faith!"—my lord replied;

" And shut out all, that are not qualified."

Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,

Struck by the great, then answer'd by the small;

While we, at times, return it to you all.

A skilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke;

For though it hits you, you'll applaud the stroke;

Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;

Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.

}

THE
AUTHOR;
A
COMEDY.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Governor CAPE, and ROBIN.

Governor. **A**ND he believes me dead, *Robin?*

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest acknowledgements to his conceal'd benefactor; thanked me for my care, sigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly: to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, Sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a profusion of debts were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, Sir.

Gov. Fondly—nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours, and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property; not else.

Rob. Consider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you would not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless? Impossible!—Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has lost its use; a guinea subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up—protectors!—Why I dare believe there's more money laid out upon *Islington* turnpike in a month, than upon all the learned men in *Great-Britain* in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob.—That you want the aid of his profession; a well penn'd address now, from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the news-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that part of his practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

Scene draws and discovers young CAPE with the Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prythee go about thy business—vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other Answers ready for the press, and if yours don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you—there's Mr. *Guzzle*, the translator, never keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little footy, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—Marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—there's master *Glench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—give me the *French* book that you took the story from for the last journal.

Cape. Take it———(*throws it at him.*)

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you———

Cape. You shall have a larger—(*Exit Devil.* 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expensive——

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the news-paper, five and five-pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, master pass'd his word for to Mrs. *Suds* your washerwoman, makes the three half crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his

drefs, he's either a pick-pocket, or poet—here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye call-'um*, the gentleman's at home.

(*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name I presume is *Cape*.

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that write?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my case, in a word is this; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper servants, the book-sellers, have.—I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, Sir, I hear are in their graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three imitations of *Juvenal* in prose; *Tully's* oration for *Milo*, in blank verse; two essays on the *British* herring fishery, with a large collection of rebusses; which if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your distress, but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling, or index way, that you wou'd intrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle——

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my ——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay, or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient. —— (*Exit Poet.*)

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from

his condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace* his *Mæcenas*; *Martial* his *Pliny*: my protectors are *Title-page*, the publisher; *Vamp*, the bookseller; and *Index*, the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary, as the famous *Roman* one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, *George*? Reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece.

Cape. My disposition has, at present, very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of *Billingsgate*, by a printer's prime minister, call'd a *Devil*.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs; but I thought these midwives to the muses, were the idolizers of you, their favourite son.

Cape. Our tyrants, *Tom*. Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copper plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades; ours is one great mystery, but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow; if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap, adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But a *propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, *George*, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the out-lines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness; folly and archness: at the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the *Mews-Gate*. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions; and some whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, compleat his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree, relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—you are, *George*, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all you great genius's: you love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant—but what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. *Gadwallader*?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet: and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his education—hush! he's on the stairs—on with your cape,

and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. *Vamp*: your commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a word, master *Cape*, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a month from *Leyden*; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in *Germany*; if you should want such a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the sermon way, now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; master *Cape* has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep council; old *Vamp* had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why, in the year fifteen, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life,

and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a tryal.

Spri. Indeed !

Vamp. Never——look here (*Shews the side of his head.*) crop'd close !——bare as a board !——and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy : oh ! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind business, tho' ; here, master *Cape*, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, master *Cape* ; to strike, they must be well-dress'd ; fine feathers make fine birds ; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions——did you know *Harry Handy* ?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow ; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say ; he wou'd have turn'd you a fable of *Dryden's*, or an epistle of *Pope's* into Latin verse in a twinkling ; except *Peter Hasty* the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off ?

Vamp. A halter ; hang'd for clipping and coining, master *Cape* ; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two : he was a pretty fellow !

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death ?

Vamp. I can't say ;——as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise ; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession ; I got it ; he was mindful.

of his friends in his last moments : he was a pretty fellow !

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. *Vamp* ?

Vamp. Not at present ; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in Octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject ?

Vamp. I leave that to him ; master *Cape* knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Bristol*, and the other watering places : no bad commodity for the *West-India* trade neither ; let 'em be novels, master *Cape*.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not ; pray how does *Index* go on with your journal ?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have overstock'd the market. *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays ; a pretty historian from *Aberdeen* ; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence ; but I don't know how, it drop'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any——

Vamp. No, thank you, master *Cape* ; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in ; he's now in training as a waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* coffee-house ; I intend giving him the run of *Jonathan's* for three months to understand trade and the funds ; and then, I'll start him——no, no, you have enough on your hands ; stick to your business : and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining ; remember *Harry Handy* ; he was a pretty fellow ! (Exit.

Spri. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary fellow ! But pr'ythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons ?

Cape. You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew old *Vamp* wou'd let you more into the secret in five minutes, than I cou'd in as many hours.

(Knocking below, loud.)

Spri. *Cape*, to your post ; here they are e'faith, a

coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your flame, the sister, as I live.

(*Cadwallader without.*)

Pray, by the bye, han't you a poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets, or cellars—

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and Arabella.

Cad. Ah! *Sprightly!*

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what, that's he! *Beck, Bell*, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?——*Hebrew?*

Spri. Weaving the whole *Aeneid* into a tragedy: I have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of *Pallas*! nor prayers, nor tears, nor supplicating Gods shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas*

Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

Cad. Damn your palace; I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir: but being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here, Mr. *What's-your-name?*

Cape. *Cape.*

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! You live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural parts, as fine talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader's* literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, last winter, before I had the measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in *Italian, French, German*—but I am all unhing'd; all—Oh! Lord, Mr. *Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, child, this is a great poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here *Becky*, child, won't you ask Mr. *Cape* to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As *Dicky* says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compell me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our *Bell*?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you ben't better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your company of an evening to make one with our *Dicky*, sister *Bell*, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, *Cape*, come and look at her grotto and shells and see what she has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck*?—isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, *Beck*; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a copy of verses on you?—there, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, *Beck*—well, *Sprightly*, hey! what are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently lords and viscounts and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as antient a family as the best of them, and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord, or baron, nay egad, if it be but a baronet, or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What signifies carrying such a lumb'ring thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, *Beck*, why suppose we should have any disputes when we are abroad, about precedence? how the devil shall we be able to set-

tle it ? But you shall see it at home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our dispute to—— (*They go apart.*)

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd ; you are acquainted with my brother ; but what use you propose——

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all ?

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in time incline him to favour my hopes ?

Arab. A sandy foundation ! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune ; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unfurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, *Beck* ; zounds ! you are so ——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, ma'am.

Cape. Consider we have but an instant. What project ? What advice ?

Arab. O fye ! You would be ashamed to receive succour from a weak woman ! Poetry is your profession, you know ; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally ?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold ; ask Mr. *Cape*.

Arab. To be serious then ; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be made to his better part.

Cape. I understand you ; plough with the heifer.

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word ; but take this hint.——Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh ; that is her foible ?

Arab. One of them ; against that fort you must plant your batteries——but here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and

I won't agree to any such thing : why, what signifies a parliament man ? You make such a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, *Becky*, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold ; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't ; what's the man an oafe ? I won't reason, I hate reason, and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate ecod, perverse, hey ! But my dear, now, *Becky*, that's a good girl : hey ! come, hold, hold——egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Deferr it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me, what's the matter, madam ? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you must have been to blame ; no inconsiderable matter cou'd have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think ; he wants to send our little *Dicky* to school, and make him a parliament man.

Cape. How old is master, ma'am ?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey ! early, hold, hold ; but *Becky* mistakes the thing, egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, my dear ; Mr. *Sprightly*, do, stop her mouth, hold, hold ; the matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever seen my *Dicky* ?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No ? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child ; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in humour ; but between you and I he has more sense already, than all her family put together. Hey ! *Becky* ! is not *Dicky* the picture of you ? He's a sweet child ! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you must know, I want to put little *Dicky* to school ; now between—hey ! you, hold, you,

hold, the great use of a school is, hey ! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them : for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey ? Now this is our dispute, whether poor little *Dicky*, he's a sweet boy, shall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genus's* at *Edgware*, and make an acquaintance with my young lord *Knap*, the eldest son of the earl of *Frize*, or to doctor *Ticklepitcher's* at *Barnet*, to form a friendship with young *Stocks*, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine ?

Cad. Why I have told her the case ; says I, *Becky*, my dear ; who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ-Genus's*, but my lord *Knap* may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a member of parliament ? Hey ! *Cape* ?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher's*, who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it ?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey ! Well, what's your opinion, master *Cape* ?

Cape. Why Sir, I can't but join with the lady, money is the main article ; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey ! egad, and the aldermen too, you ; so *Dicky* may be a member, and a fig for my lord : Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he shall stick to *Stocks*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay let'n ; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey ! will you ?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind ; why then *Becky* and *Bell* shall step and order the cook to tofs up a little, nice——Hey ! will you, *Becky* ? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr.

What-d'ye-call-'um, the poet; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille, to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—here you have company coming.

(*Excunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab.*)

Enter Governor and Robin.

Cape. Ah, master *Robin*!

Rob. Why, you have a great levée this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay *Robin*, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: but how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to——

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and ——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancell; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last interview.——Your friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of parti-

culars : as my pen has never been ting'd with gall, to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives me more pleasure, than any honours your papers cou'd have procured me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at *Cadwallader's* ?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the way ?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind ?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see——*Robin* is a sure card——a principal may easily be met with, but where the duce can I get an interpreter ?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir ; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task——

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the liberty——but hush ! He's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

Spri. My dear friend ! the luckiest circumstance !

Cad. Hey ! how ? Stay, hey !

Spri. You see that gentleman ?

Cad. Well, hey !

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to prince *Potowowsky*.

Cad. *Wowsky*? Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the *Tartarian* prince, that's come over ambassador from the cham of the *Calmucks*.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a *Tartarian* lord, has a right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbr*a; in their language it is *Jablanousky*.

Cad. *Jablanousky*! well?

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall I get off with the poet? You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cape. My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thousand pardons, but here your friend is invited to dinner with prince——what the devil is his name?——

Spri. *Potowowski*.

Cape. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanowsky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, cross-legg'd ! zounds ! that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soop.

Cad. Oh ! let me alone for that ; but should not I dress ?

Spri. No, there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me ; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a *Hobblin Wisky*. Well, I'll go and study to fit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His highness *Potowowsky* ! This is the luckiest accident ! (Exit.

Cape. Hah ! hah ! hah ! but how will you conduct your enterprize ?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend *Robin's* ; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit ; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soop of some nauseous ingredients ; let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, Sir, the part we have assign'd ?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it ; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. *Sprightly* !

Spri. What's the matter ?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this occasion ?

Spri. No doubt ; dress, dress, man ; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but *Jack*, I cannot say that at present I ———

Spri. Pr'ythee explain. What would you say ?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say, that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you, is that all ? Here, here, take my ———

Cape. Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, *George*; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure——But I have no time for speeches; I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, Sir?

Gov. Most feelingly! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, *Robin*! But this scheme of life at least must be changed; for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation, and disagreeable drudgery? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd.

What prospect have those authors to be read
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread?

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

End of the first act.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Young CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER at cards.

Mrs. } YOU want four, and I two, and my deal:
Cad. } now, knave noddy——no, hearts be
trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again——one, two, three; one, two,——hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds——the two: have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest——and lowest, by gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a tête a tête, than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?——We ben't e-

nough for hunt the whistle, nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin* the butler. *Dicky* will be here an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. *Cadwallader's*, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that—some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso.

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! that's true. Why I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'.
(*Aside.*)

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why first I am to start you, then run you a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

*You fly o'er hedge and stile,
I pursue for many a mile,
You grow tir'd at last, and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.*

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't ! I shall never be able to hold out long ; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quattin'—hush ! here's sister ; what the deuce brought her ? *Bell* will be for learning this game too, but don't you teach her for your life, *Mr. Poet*.

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all ? She might have stay'd, I think.

Arab. What ? You were better engaged ? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey ! Now will I be hang'd if she be'nt jealous of *Mr. Poet* ; but I'll listen, and see the end on't, I'm resolved. (*Aside and Exit.*)

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too ?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you ; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear *Bell* ; tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear *Bell* ! And flesh is frail ! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey ! In what corner sits the wind now ?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected !

Cape. You are obliging, madam ; but pray, what is the meaning of all this ?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to—but to descend to a little common sense ; what part of my conduct—

Arab. Look'e, Mr. *Cape*, all explanations are unnecessary : I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late ; and so you know there's no occasion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you ; my sister will be back immediately ; I suppose my presence will only—but consider, Sir, I have a brother's honour——

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet : but surely, madam, you are a little capricious, here ; have I done any thing but obey your directions ?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that—but no matter.

Cape. That what ?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to protest——

Cape. That I loved you ; and what reason have I given you to doubt it ?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that ?

(*Aside, list'ning.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well.

(*Aside.*

Cape. What an idiot, a driveler ! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. Cadwallader.

Mrs. Cad. Soh ! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed ; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man ; but here will be *Dicky* presently, he shall hear of your tricks, he shall : I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this ; had not I better decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy : my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, madam.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly and Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily ; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soap.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it ! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister ; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat ; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you ?

Cad. Displeas'd ! hey ! Look'e, Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour ; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a *Hobblinwisky* again, if the great cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himself. Hey ! and what a damn'd language he has got ? Whee, haw, haw ! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better ; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it through the nose so well as he. Hey ! well *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape* ?

Mrs. Cad. Oh ! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, what has been the matter ?

Mrs. Cad. Matter ! why the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil ! hold !

Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way ?

Mrs. Cad. Why some on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad ; this morning he took me for king *Turnus*, you ; now who can tell, but this afternoon he may take you for queen *Dido* ?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you ? Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly ; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to *Becky* in my absence.

Cape. But, Sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me ; who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky* ! And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the *Grand Signor*, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey ! what's that you say, *Dicky* ; what, be I like a chimney-sweeper ?

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold. Zounds ! no, *Beck* ; hey ! no : that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand your tropes, and figures, as well as himself, egad ! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader*——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bellman for a christmas box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, *Beck*, hush!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object, but Mr. *Cadwallader*; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own——

Cad. If I had had a university education——

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older; *Beck*, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation ?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation ? It's a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak ———

Cad. Speak ! what the devil can you say ?

Cape. Nay, Sir ———

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, however.

Cad. Hold, hold ; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. *Sprightly*, as you seem most interested ; pray does this charge correspond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you ? ———

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the scholiasts—*Nemo repente turpissimus*.

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that ?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh ! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is: speak a little more *Latin* to him ; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen ; now, Sir, to you ; you were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness ; might not she take too seriously, what was meant as a meer matter of merriment ?

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse ; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person ?

Cad. Answer that, Mr. *Cape*, hey ! Answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions ; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connexion ———

Spri. Connexion !

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, connexion.

Spri. There's something in that ———

Cad. Hey ! is there ? Hold, hold, hey ! egad, he is right—You're right, Mr. *Cape* ; hold, *Becky*, my dear, how the devil cou'd you be so wicked, hey !

child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connexion?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have mis'd your point; the connexion shall be only the stronger: my dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but ecod, *Becky's* to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effaced every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natured creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow, if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is *Becky* at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? Hey! how; what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, foolish, but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already: *Becky*, a damn'd good story. Well, *Beck*, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then: and so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in come our *Bell*; and so——

Cad. Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; it's a low——hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why how can I go on, when you stop

me every minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him, and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So, what you staid and listen'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story, but go on, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said——

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst teller of a story——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Cad. And that he wou'd not have stay'd with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of she.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so——that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; e-cod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. *Cape*?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. *Cape*? Let's have it, without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making love to *Bell*.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, zounds! No, what' not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, what our *Bell*? To mix the blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A pretty, paltry, ragged, rhiming —

Spri. But Mr. —

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold, — Garretteer? that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet:

Spri. Nay, but —

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! Born in a cellar, hold, hold, and living in a garret; a fungus, a mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my family —

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold, *Peter*, fetch the pedigree; I'll shew you — your family! a little obscure — hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.

Enter Peter with the pedigree.

There it is; there; *Peter*, help me to stretch it out: there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr. *Sprightly*?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's *Welch* princes, and ambassadors, and kings of *Scotland*, and members of parliament: hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a ferjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy son of a shoe-maker, to talk of families — hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir:

Cad. Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr. *Interpreter*?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape. Your son, Sir?

Gov. In a moment, *George*, the mysteries shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son? Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described, but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me! A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to monsieurs and marquisses!

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the nose for six-pence a piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half a crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other men's tables! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at christmas for the diversion of children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman, but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to —

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell —

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman in the prince's friend; and, by a long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then ?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements.

Cad. Governor ! Hold, hold, and how came you farther to——hey !——

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this ?

Gov. As a solemn truth ; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself ; I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this ; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir ; it is not for me (*kneeling.*) but if gratitude, duty filial——

Gov. Rise, my boy ; I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, *George* ; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my toil ; the rest of my story shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey ! Hold, hold, hold ; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this ; but, hark'e, *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd blunder here : Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons ; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince *Potowow-sky*——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how ?

Gov. By bestowing your sister, with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell* ? Hey ! Hold, hold ; zounds, *Bell*, take him, do ; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey ! Will you ?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you ? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself ; hey ! Hold, hold ; come here then, give me your hands both ; (*Joins their hands.*) There, there, the business is done : and now, brother governor——

Gov. And now, brother *Cadwallader*.

Cad. Hey, *Beck*! Here's something new for my pedigree; we'll pop in the *governor* to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'e, Mr. *Governor*, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, *Beck*.

Spri. Dear *George*, I am a little late in my congratulations; but ———

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if *George* remains as untainted by affluence, as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

F I N I S.

